

The American Landscape: Recent Developments



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The American Landscape: Recent Developments

Whitney Museum of American Art, Fairfield County

October 23–December 9, 1981

The American Landscape: Recent Developments was conceived and organized by three Helena Rubinstein Fellows in the Whitney Museum Independent Study Program—Ruth Ann Appelhof, William Quinn, and Lisa Weber—under the direction of Lisa Phillips, Associate Curator, Branch Museums. Pamela Gruninger, Manager, Fairfield County, assisted in coordinating the exhibition and, with Janet Satz, Assistant Manager, Fairfield County, attended to many details of the installation. Doris Palca, Head, Publications and Sales, Sheila Schwartz, Editor, and James Leggio, Associate Editor, provided valuable assistance in the preparation of the catalogue. The museum is extremely grateful to the lenders to the exhibition for making works available, and to the artists for contributing statements.

Publication designed by Ronald Gordon.

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Photographs of Jack Beal's *Jackson Hill* and Jedd Garet's *Silhouette Valley* are by eeva-inkeri, New York.

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Whitney Museum of American Art

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The American Landscape: Recent Developments

Richard Artschwager
Steven Barbash
Jennifer Bartlett
Jack Beal
Roger Brown
Diane Burko
Louisa Chase
Rackstraw Downes
Mary Beth Edelson
Chuck Forsman
Jedd Garet
Yvonne Jacquette
Neil Jenney
Alex Katz
Ellen Lanyon
Michael Mazur
Mel Pekarisky
Fairfield Porter
Marjorie Portnow
Bill Richards
David Sharpe
Wayne Thiebaud
David True
Neil Welliver
Helen Miranda Wilson

The American Landscape: Recent Developments

In the last decade, American artists, reacting in part to the intellectual constraints of 1960s Minimalist art, have shown a renewed interest in the problems of representation. Many of these artists are now directing their attention to a more personal, subject-oriented modernism—and some have turned to landscape as a theme expressive of human concerns: the opposing forces of civilization and nature. Indeed, landscape painting in America is enjoying a resurgence unparalleled since the last century.

During the nineteenth century, American landscape painters such as Frederic Church, Albert Bierstadt, Thomas Cole, Asher B. Durand, and George Inness developed an indigenous landscape style. These artists came to be known as the Hudson River School, after the locale where many of them worked for a time. They presented the vastness of American land as a garden-utopia—abundant, harmonious, regenerative (and showed Americans what the still largely unseen continent actually looked like). The bucolic landscape became a metaphor for the sublime, the workings of a “divine mind.”

During the early twentieth century, even as a wave of non-objective, abstract painting began to take hold, this pastoral theme persisted. Before World War II, it was the simplified, energy-charged images of Arthur Dove, Marsden Hartley, and Georgia O’Keeffe that shifted the focus of landscape painting from the documentation of a particular location (as in Church’s well-known *Niagara* of 1857) toward personal interpretation. The artist’s characteristic style and underlying aesthetic became primary, the location secondary.

The emphasis on a personal aesthetic, rather than on the documentation or even veneration of a specific site, was re-

energized by the Abstract Expressionists. “I am nature,” declared Jackson Pollock; with pronouncements such as these the Abstract Expressionists identified their own creative act with the forces of nature. Despite their apparent lack of representational subject matter, paintings by Arshile Gorky, Mark Rothko, Willem de Kooning, Jackson Pollock, Clyfford Still, and Philip Guston evoke strong sensations of the land.

When, in the 1950s, landscape re-emerged as a visible subject in the work of Fairfield Porter and Alex Katz, it was with a clear debt to the Abstract Expressionists. Fairfield Porter, a close friend of Willem de Kooning and critic Clement Greenberg, rebelled against Greenberg’s aesthetic doctrines (his quest for flatness, and abolition of figurative art). Painting for Porter did not come easily; much calculation and deliberation underlie the apparent spontaneity and sensuousness of his best work. His method consisted of making quick studies from nature, which would later serve as notes for larger, more sustained works. His greatest attribute lay in his ability to freeze a transitory moment in nature, seen in *View from the South Meadow* (1969), and to re-create this exact moment on the flat plane of the canvas.

Alex Katz, like Porter, works his large paintings from small sketches taken from nature. He abandoned a gestural style of painting in the late 1950s in favor of a more reductive, flat and sharp image (*Sugar Maple*, 1979), combining abstract and Pop qualities with a sense of color derived from Matisse and Milton Avery. The adoption of the large-scale canvas, openness, expansiveness, along with the lack of detail, distinguish the landscapes of Porter and Katz from those of earlier realists—Edward Hopper and the American Scene or Regionalist painters—and as well from contemporaries such as Andrew Wyeth, who have consistently eschewed the Abstract Expressionist mode.

There is, however, one aspect of both Regionalist painting and the earlier realistic approach of the The Eight which continues to affect contemporary American landscape: the significance given to everyday experience. Like their predecessors, artists of a new generation, including Rackstraw Downes, Helen Miranda Wilson, Jack Beal, Neil Welliver, and Marjorie Portnow, select segments of the most unspectacular vistas as their carefully examined subjects.

Today, air travel has become an ordinary fact of existence, as has the reproduction of satellite photographs in magazines and on TV. Both airplanes and satellites have heightened our responsiveness to the landscape as did telescopes (and microscopes) in earlier periods. Although flying is a routine experience, the perspective it affords still seems remarkable. Several artists, such as Diane Burko, Yvonne Jacquette, David Sharpe, Roger Brown, and Mel Pekarsky, became interested in the perception of the land as a flat, abstract pattern through the use of aerial views. By contrast, Bill Richards and Steven Barbash zoom in on the pattern of minutiae revealed in a close-up of foliage directly observed. The land as subject becomes an occasion to explore space, light, line, and form through a variety of mark-making processes (dots, dashes, etc.). These artists' desire for a more systematic examination of line, pattern, and color links them directly to the Post-Impressionists, who were primarily interested in encoding the land in the language of painting.

Not all painters attempt to duplicate objects in nature or rely on direct observation. Some change and transform, abbreviate and exaggerate certain elements in the landscape to express idiosyncratic concerns. David True, Neil Jenney, Louisa Chase, Mary Beth Edelson, and Jedd Garet are not "landscape" artists in the traditional sense; rather they refer to the landscape as a mnemonic device, isolating certain images and rearranging them abstractly. For instance, Louisa Chase's and Mary Beth Edelson's paintings possess a strongly dream-like quality. They have narrowed their repertoire of forms to a few personal icons—rolling hills and leaping leopards in Edelson's case; flowers, water-

falls, jagged cliffs, and evergreen glades in Chase's work. These icons are arranged symbolically on the flat plane of the canvas, yet still suggest a narrative. Fantasy and autobiographical elements are present in Garet's and True's work as well, where images are drawn from memories and past experiences. The suggestive, highly subjective and non-specific nature of these works refers back to the early, American modernist experiments of Hartley, Dove, and O'Keeffe.

Perhaps it is the ambiguity of contemporary society's relationship to the land that has spurred a renewed interest in landscape painting. This is evident in the ominous, mechanical quality of Roger Brown's work, and in Neil Welliver's attempt to capture and "preserve" a vanishing wilderness. These artists, among others, are drawn to nature at its apparent threshold—that moment which offers the possibility of reaffirming life or surrendering to its possible disintegration.

Artists' Statements

Unless otherwise noted, artists' statements were written for this exhibition.

Richard Artschwager

To walk through, place oneself in, to dream of, to cogitate on, to “paint” a landscape are quite different procedures, all of which I have enjoyed, but the walking’s a far piece from the painting. Even in the days of painting on the scene, the finished product was promptly removed to a sheltered enclosure and no significant attempts at permanent outdoor painting beyond a cow on a barn to represent a cow in same have been made. Recognition of “house” and “fence(s)” in this painting [*Fence 1*, 1980] is inevitable (O.K.) but not enough to have bothered making the thing for. Digested, nature is the artist’s tool for his own purposes, re-appearing now and then in the viewer’s eye as a remembrance of his own walks and dreams.

Steven Barbash

These very large pencil drawings [including *Lower Treman Falls*, February, 1981] deal with a theory I have of how we most often experience landscape in this part of our century. Unlike our predecessors we move rapidly through the landscape, yet remember the trip as a single event. I have developed these large drawings which, because of their detail, entice the viewer to move so close that the sides extend beyond peripheral vision. When this happens, the trip begins and the drawing works as

both a Western composition and a Chinese journey without benefit of guide (or scroll).

Jennifer Bartlett

I am trying to explore all possibilities, which requires that I have to be more flexible in the scale of the work. If a painting is comprised of units, it is possible to think of it as always being divisible or changeable. The gridded steel plates allow me to approach painting in a very methodical manner, where each thought can be seen as if it were a clause. The white spaces between the plates act as punctuation—they function like the space between words and sentences, dividing one unit from another. This is difficult to achieve in an extended painting, but simple when using individual plates.*

*Jennifer Bartlett, Statement in Richard Marshall, *New Image Painting*, exhibition catalogue (New York: Whitney Museum of American Art, 1978), p. 20.

Jack Beal

The finest landscapes have been made by artists who have dealt with their subject from a viewpoint approaching reverence—a mingling of love and awe and fear. They let nature overwhelm them, and responded as best they could—almost as acts of self-preservation, like hunters lost in a strange forest following rivulet to brook to stream to river. Since the advent of modernism the ground rules have changed: the premium now placed on the personality and style of the artist has removed the subject to a minor role—a theme or suggestion to be manipulated. So, most modernist landscapes are subjugations of nature, as removed from the natural flow as are livestock-fattening feedlots or nuclear power plants (both radical transformations of natural resources, and

both with questionable results). Much of society seems to have forgotten that the earth was here long before humankind evolved, and will be here long after, despite the worst efforts of industry, government, and some of the citizenry to control or transform it. The best of our contemporary landscape painters—Laderman, Portnow, and Downes among them—have witnessed these changes in nature and in art, and have learned to deal with them.



Jack Beal, *Jackson Hill*, 1980–81. Pastel on paper, 47 x 59½ inches. Allan Frumkin Gallery, New York.

Roger Brown

We live in a society which has become accustomed to the “new look.” The merchandising of almost everything in our lives jades our appetites into always wanting “the new style.” This attitude permeates our culture to the extent that long-term involvements in all areas of our lives are almost extinct. It is most evident in art when we read art reportage that demands that an artist’s work change from year to year, to say nothing of decade to decade.

One must admit that this is merely a current twist in art criticism, for art history doesn’t support this demand. Writers who require this yearly change in an artist’s work are demanding progress, but there is no progress in art, only growth. Furthermore, that growth, which keeps an artist personally fascinated with the making of art, can consist of small changes almost imperceptible to the viewer.

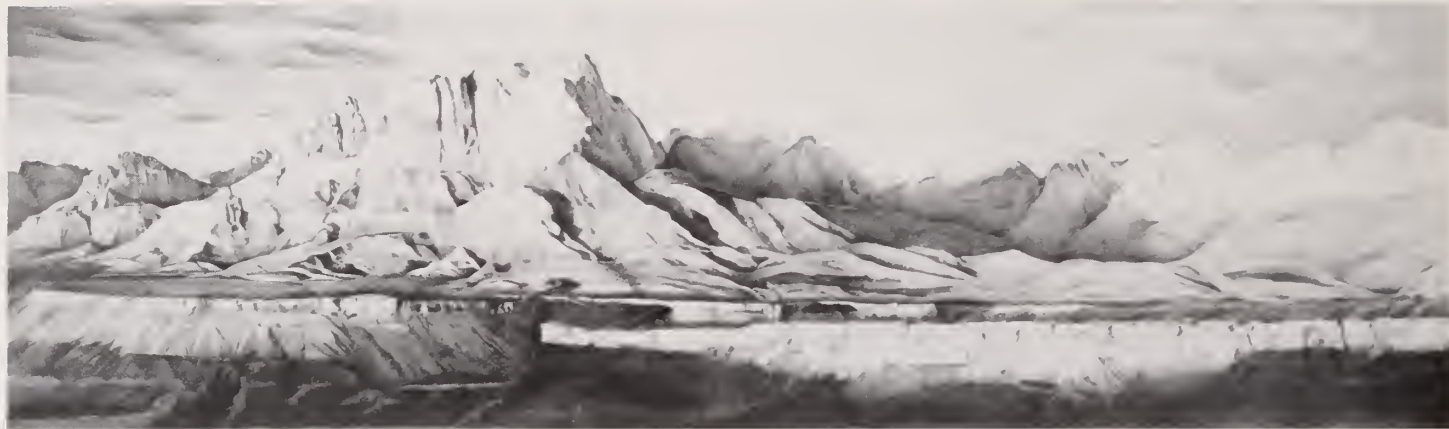
It has been my desire as an artist to develop my work as a language that grows as I grow. It simply reflects my experience with living on this planet—whatever that experience may be.

Diane Burko

Places can evoke strong emotions. I am constantly searching for those places that do that for me. And after confronting them, photographing them and viewing them, I proceed to signify those places in drawings and paintings.

My choice of involvement with landscape for the whole of my career thus far is not accidental. It has to do with a deep need for a sense of place other than the one I was “placed” in originally—New York City. I travel out West not as a tourist, but more like someone on a pilgrimage, imagining that I am exploring and discovering new worlds.

My consistent choice of viewing the landscape from “away”—from the air, or from another position in space—has to do with



Diane Burko, *Portals of Zion*, 1981. Colored pencil on paper, 36 x 117 inches.
Stefanotti Gallery, New York.

my feeling overwhelmed by it, and my distancing is necessary—it allows for a synthesis. Such experiences seem best presented in my usual format of an expansive aerial panorama. The horizontality further symbolizes my sense of being enveloped.

My drawings are a distillation of the experience of confronting “awe-inspiring” vistas, and the process of reflecting on those moments in time, in conjunction with memory and the formal rigors of art-making.

In my studio, the photos I have taken serve as pieces of a puzzle. They are used to create new visual two-dimensional realities rather than as a record of geographical phenomena.

Louisa Chase

The forces closest to landscape are the closest to the internal forces that I am trying to understand. I use the landscape as a metaphor, focusing more on the emotive forces involved in the

form and color than on a specific location outside. The location is inside—the elements in the paintings being geographical signposts calling and recalling a particular internal state.

Rackstraw Downes

Just about all of us step outdoors at least once or twice a day. When we do, an amazing spectacle confronts us, which we mostly train ourselves to screen out in order to be able to get on with our business. But if we stop and look for a while we see that this spectacle is an incredibly rich, almost indigestible revelation about such things as what we share the planet with, what we do to our habitat to make it more convenient for agriculture, manufacture, commerce, recreation—in fact about social and solitary activities, pleasant and unpleasant, of virtually every kind. My fascination with all of this, and wish to get it close to the heart of my painting—to depict it, in fact, right there, on the

spot, just as it looks to me—has posed a lot of interesting pictorial problems. And since these never recur in quite the same way, and since new ones keep cropping up, I find myself going out and setting up my easel over and over again, to give it another try.

Mary Beth Edelson

Landscape from the city is a lifeboat of the mind. Our distance and separation from her bring an acute awareness of her preciousness, her restorative qualities and her quieting. She is a soul food: landscape of nature translated into an inner ecology. We find ourselves in the land and vice versa.

These landscapes of mine take into consideration how ecology has come to affect our thinking about our many natural environments. In *Underground Movement: Keep the Home Fires Burning* I am considering the possibility of a patriarchal war-wish of self-destruction upon the body of our beautiful land, but how she rises again triumphant and transformed from those ashes—and how this may be necessary to transport our collective selves to higher consciousness.

Chuck Forsman

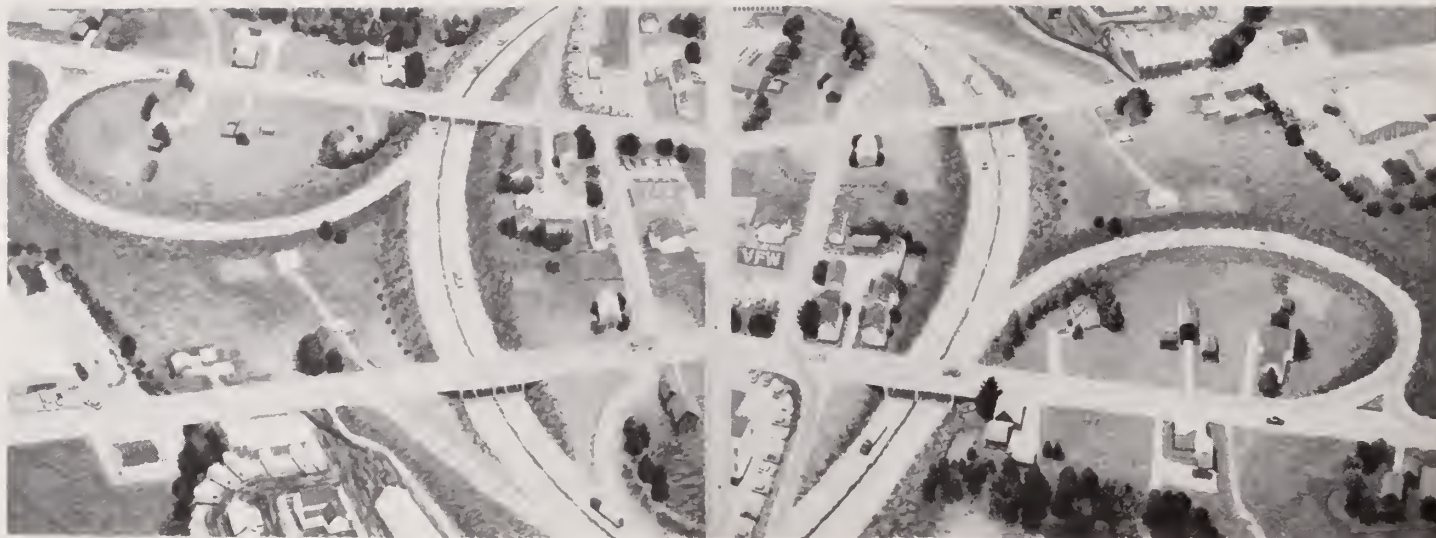
Traveling in the West, where I live, one is subject to emotional jolts caused by the contrast of natural beauty to growth-related blight. The latter can have its own strange fascination and perverse beauty. One can love it and hate it, almost simultaneously. Seeming irreconcilables like love/hate, beauty/ugliness, civilization/nature, form/content, art/life can reach uneasy simultaneity, if not resolution, in a good picture. This is a treacherous task to go about, with many hard decisions. The primary decision, to make landscapes, can be formulated too easily: love of the land plus love of art equals landscape.

Jedd Garet

Granite boulders or fiberglass fabrications. Unseen hills and holes in silhouette valley. Clouds in halftone formation divide sky of red dye no. 2.



Jedd Garet, *Silhouette Valley*, 1981. Acrylic on canvas, 95 x 70 inches. Robert Miller Gallery, New York.



Yvonne Jacquette, *Route 1, Intersection 180°*, 1978. Oil on canvas; two panels, 46 x 124 inches overall. Brooke Alexander, Inc., New York.

Yvonne Jacquette

A variety of aerial images seen, experienced and remembered for their color, light and textural interest are the basis of my landscape painting. My work depends upon extending my studio into a small airplane, jet plane, or high building, as well as obtaining ground knowledge of the site. Drawing marks become painted dots, dashes, and overlapped strokes. Beyond my realist allegiances, the Cubists, Constructivists, and the Abstract Expressionists have influenced me, the latter particularly about gesture and the alignment of the ground plane with the picture plane. But the imagination and textural subtlety of Chinese painting, of Brueghel's Alpine drawings, and of a particular visionary painting by the American George Catlin of an imaginary aerial view of Niagara Falls are the keys to my painterly aspirations.

Neil Jenney

I'm not interested in a narrative; I'm interested in showing objects existing with and relating to other objects because I think that is what realism deals with—objects relating to other objects. I am interested in using imagery that is universal and transcultural—and an imagery that is profound. I wanted the objects to be stated emphatically with no psychological implications. There is actually no distinction between abstraction and realism. . . . All realism must resolve abstract complications because you are involved with space and balance and harmony. Realism is a higher art form because it is more precise—it not only solves all abstract

concerns, but it involves precise philosophical interpretation.

I am not trying to duplicate something that I see in nature because you must always compromise—it is always going to be paint, you cannot out paint the paint. I was not trying to disguise the fact that these are paintings. I was not trying to mimic photographs. I never wanted to avoid the realization that I was using paint; in fact, I wanted to emphasize it.

Realism is illusionism and all illusionistic painting requires frames. . . . The frame is the foreground and it simply enhances the illusion—it makes the illusion more functional. I designed and built the frames to suit the paintings—I realized that the frames would enhance the illusion and be a perfect place to put the title.*

*Neil Jenney, *Statement in New Image Painting*, p. 38.



Alex Katz, *Sugar Maple*, 1979. Oil on canvas, 72 x 96 inches. Marlborough Gallery, New York.

Alex Katz

My technique is built out of landscape painting, which was the major concern of my work for the first ten years. To quote Jane Freilicher, I find the painting of landscapes a “humbling experience.”

Ellen Lanyon

For many years I left the city each summer to live in the country, and one winter I was sent out to make the acquaintance of some mysterious flora and fauna to be found in the Everglades. It has now been five years since that Florida adventure finally caused landscape to push into the studio and, with an astonishing insistence, become a prime focus for my imagery. The specific places I record are not chosen at random. They represent a guided tour through aviaries, conservatories, and natural environments; botanical charts and the recorded travels of fascinated naturalists have also inspired and awakened my awareness. A sense of the amazing phenomenon of life as it manifests itself through cause and effect has permeated. The initial concept was (and is) to illustrate the process of metamorphosis and maturation which occurs once growth has begun. The motif of the torn-back page permits the drama of the “microscope” to be seen as it develops to constitute, in part, the total—the familiar view.

Michael Mazur

The subject of these paintings [*Studio Wall*, 1974, and *Fern Trees*—*Greenhouse*, 1977] is light and its reference to space and time.

The studio wall acts as a screen for the dappled shadows of nearby trees. The yard is a stage for the play of a harsh eastern light which can divide an environment into full sun and deep shade.

The greenhouse painting is about a different light, suffused through glass and blocked by a scrim of fern trees and plants. This is close to the light of the jungle, where those ancient trees have refracted light since prehistory.

Mel Pekarsky

My greatest concern regarding my work has always been the question of what to paint; what is worth painting, doing; what can be both what I do and also meaningful to myself and to others who one way or another have come to see my work: in others words, iconography (and I feel the question of iconography—of what to paint, sculpt, whatever, when circumstances make you free to paint what you will—is the most important question of twentieth-century art). Primarily through these concerns, I believe, I have come to be interested in certain sorts of desert landscape, because they are at once so vast and so magnificent and so vulnerable, and, of course, because they are that and also something I am interested in formally. These interests have led me to certain technical adjustments, my major pieces having become large black-and-white drawings of limited and quite ephemeral tonality: large because, as Rothko once noted, large scale produces a sense of intimacy between viewer and work (one enters into them, they aren't lovely objects to be possessed and admired); limited tone values because the patterns of light

and shadow have emerged as important to me; ephemeral, I suppose, because that makes the work feel like I feel about the subject matter. These aren't nineteenth-century American landscapes, not the American cathedrals or geology textbooks that Barbara Novak writes about in *Nature and Culture*. Rather, I feel, they are more related to the *vanitas* theme of seventeenth-century still life. They are in a way, perhaps—I hope not—a *memento mori*.

Fairfield Porter

For me, painting does not illustrate or prove anything; neither “realism” nor “abstraction” nor any of the categories invented



Fairfield Porter, *View from the South Meadow*, 1969. Oil on canvas, 48 x 60 inches. Hirschl & Adler Galleries, New York.

by journalists. It is a way of expressing the connections between the infinity of diverse elements that constitute the world of matters of fact. . . .*

*Fairfield Porter, Statement (1975) in *Fairfield Porter: Art in Its Own Terms—Selected Criticism, 1935–1975*, ed. Rackstraw Downes (New York: Taplinger Publishing Company, 1979), p. 282.

Marjorie Portnow

I believe nature is both timeless and specific to the moment I see it. I try to observe and paint nature quietly and intensely. I paint mostly outdoors and try to record particular times of day, specific qualities of light and weather, and exact spatial formations at each locale. I try to make each brush-mark the exact color-tone and literal size of what I'm seeing, which is usually at a far distance; deep, panoramic, open spaces on an intimate scale.

Bill Richards

I wonder if I am becoming less and less involved in the production of works—separate, finalized entities, drawn-out and perfected. My engagement in the process of making the drawing is becoming more pronounced and completion increasingly prolonged.

Perhaps I want to assimilate music, particularly music that seems endless, constantly presenting variations on itself, at one time the same yet not the same, and all seemingly equal. The peculiar procedures I use in bringing a drawing into form lend themselves to a building of sequential variations similar to this type of musical formation.

David Sharpe

I have always drawn and painted directly from nature in my sketchbooks, but I rarely refer to these sketches when I paint my landscapes. However, I do notice ideas which I have worked with in the sketches appearing in the paintings. My landscapes are not specific scenes but are combinations of different landscape motifs. I am not a map painter nor am I an aerial-view painter.

David True

The landscapes are celebrations of my return home from a flat terrain to a hilly and tamely mountainous one, one with which I felt a reconciliation. Formed from this personally important event was the interplay of both objectively amplified signalizations and unconscious pictorial mutterings of content that rose beyond my mundane experience.

Neil Welliver

I am considerably more interested in the moment than in location and really at a loss to describe what I mean by moment. I walk and absorb the subject. It floats. One's mind is filled with the situation, images of it, fragments of images-light-fall, reflecting water.

The air is crystalline; its direction is absolute; light falls with astounding clarity; every object sits in its designated space or moves with incredible precision; every gesture is right; the mind functions free of distraction. To paint, for me, is to build a construct with an exact parallel to these experiences. The color reaches its ultimate pitch; the forms are utterly one; the materials are entirely dematerialized. A muteness settles over the canvas, and that moment of which I spoke is present again.*

*Neil Welliver, quoted in Christopher Davis, "Portrait of a Painter," *Pennsylvania Gazette* (Philadelphia), April 1, 1979, p. 16.

Helen Miranda Wilson

When I'm painting outdoors, giving myself over to the impossibility of controlling what I see is just like being in love. It calls for an intensity of concentration that quickens all my senses and it's this elation, as much as any final product, that keeps me out there with the sun and the wind and the bugs. I like to leave the pictures very small and then hang them on large, empty walls to re-create the outside space that they were painted in. I want people to be able to walk up to them as if they were windows through which they can see only the far distance.



Neil Welliver, *Unyarded Deer*, 1981. Oil on canvas, 96 x 96 inches. Fischbach Gallery, New York.

Works in the Exhibition

Dimensions are in inches, height preceding width. For works on paper, dimensions are overall.

Richard Artschwager (b. 1923)

Fence 1, 1980

Acrylic on celotex, 48 x 28¾

Collection of Robert Freidus

Steven Barbash (b. 1933)

Lower Treman Falls, February, 1981

Pencil on paper, 46 x 76

Collection of the artist

Jennifer Bartlett (b. 1941)

In the Garden #6, 1980

Enamel on baked enamel, silkscreen on steel plates, and enamel on glass, 38 x 55

Private collection

Jack Beal (b. 1931)

Jackson Hill, 1980–81

Pastel on paper, 74 x 59½

Allan Frumkin Gallery, New York

Roger Brown (b. 1941)

Rain and Shine, 1979

Oil on canvas, 60 x 84

Collection of Frits de Knegt

Diane Burko (b. 1945)

Portals of Zion, 1981

Colored pencil on paper, 36 x 117

Stefanotti Gallery, New York

Louisa Chase (b. 1951)

Falls, 1980

Acrylic on canvas, 72 x 96

Collection of Phyllis Kind

Rackstraw Downes (b. 1939)

Penobscot Poultry Company Service

Garage, Belfast, Maine, 1976

Oil on canvas, 19 x 36½

Kornblee Gallery, New York

Mary Beth Edelson

Underground Movement: Keep the Home

Fires Burning, 1980

Acrylic, colored pencil, and ink on jute tag, 22 x 46

Elise Meyer Gallery, New York

Chuck Forsman (b. 1944)

Borderline, 1980

Oil on masonite, 23½ x 32¾

Tibor de Nagy Gallery, New York

Jedd Gareth (b. 1955)

Silhouette Valley, 1981

Acrylic on canvas, 95 x 70

Robert Miller Gallery, New York

Yvonne Jacquette (b. 1934)

Route 1, Intersection 180°, 1978

Oil on canvas; two panels,
46 x 124 overall

Brooke Alexander, Inc., New York

Neil Jenney (b. 1945)

North America, 1978–81

Oil on wood, 70 x 77

Private collection

Alex Katz (b. 1927)

Sugar Maple, 1979

Oil on canvas, 72 x 96

Marlborough Gallery, New York

Ellen Lanyon (b. 1926)

Strange Games B-Talmadge, 1980

Lithograph with Prismacolor, 48 x 36

Odyssia Gallery, New York

Michael Mazur (b. 1935)

Studio Wall, 1974

Oil on canvas, 78 x 56

Robert Miller Gallery, New York

Fern Trees—Greenhouse, 1977

Oil on canvas, 48 x 70

Robert Miller Gallery, New York

Mel Pekarsky (b. 1934)

Toward Arizona, 1980

Pencil on unstretched canvas, 76 x 96

G. W. Einstein Co., Inc., New York

Fairfield Porter (1907–1975)

View from the South Meadow, 1969
Oil on canvas, 48 x 60
Hirschl & Adler Galleries, New York

Marjorie Portnow (b. 1942)

Hawaii, Windward Side, 1979–80
Oil on masonite, 12 x 14
Collection of Jack Beal

Landscape, 1980
Oil on masonite, 10 x 15
Odyssia Gallery, New York

Bill Richards (b. 1944)

Blinn Valley, 1981
Pencil on paper, 18 x 25
Nancy Hoffman Gallery, New York

David Sharpe (b. 1944)

11-8-78, 1978
Oil on canvas; two panels, 48 x 96 overall
Pam Adler Gallery, New York

Wayne Thiebaud (b. 1920)

River Pond, 1967–75
Acrylic on canvas, 68 x 78
Memorial Art Gallery of the University
of Rochester, Rochester, New York;
Joseph C. Wilson Memorial Fund

David True (b. 1942)

Early Hudson, 1980
Oil on canvas, 48 x 72
Private collection

Untitled, (Mountain Scapes) 1, 1980
Conté and carbon pencil on paper,
19½ x 25½
Edward Thorp Gallery, New York

Neil Welliver (b. 1929)

Unyarded Deer, 1981
Oil on canvas, 96 x 96
Fischbach Gallery, New York

Helen Miranda Wilson (b. 1948)

Piebald Mountain, 1978
Oil on masonite, 4⅞ x 9⅞
Monique Knowlton Gallery, New York

Toward Bound Brook Island, 1978
Oil on masonite, 10 x 14
Monique Knowlton Gallery, New York

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